

# THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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## Calvary's Victim

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Thorn-crowned head and livid cheek,  
Lips that almost seem to speak;

Matted hair like mourning lace,  
Clinging to a pallid face;

Tendons taut in racking pain,  
Gaping side and life-blood's stain;

Hands so often raised to bless,  
Wide out-stretched to fain caress.

Feet that wandered oft of yore,  
All the bleak escarpments o'er

Seeking out the errant sheep—  
Scaling mountain height and steep—

Fastened now to rugged wood,  
Laved in life's effulgent flood.

Opened side, where lance's wound  
Treasure house of love has found.

Sacred Heart of God's lone Son  
Victory o'er sin hast won!

Latest throb a throb of pain  
Pulsing joy to earth again:

Weary consummation est—  
Tinged the clouds of Calvary's crest—

Pierced the low'ring gloom of night  
With the glad Redemption light.

—M. L. Ryan, C. Ss. R.

## FATHER TIM CASEY

"Good morning, Mrs. Flannigan," said Mrs. Blake.

"Good morning, ma'am," said Mrs. Flannigan.

All this icy politeness was but a thin veneer, for, be it known, Mrs. Blake commanded the party in power on Pearl Street, and Mrs. Flannigan was the leader of the opposition. Mrs. Blake, in her own private circle, deprecated the fact that "Mrs. Flannigan made no effort to correct her vulgar Irish mannerisms", and Mrs. Flannigan, with equal frankness, had often been heard to exclaim: "Kitty Blake and her gran' Yankee accint! Shure, don't I mind the time when she had a Kerry brogue, that thick ye could cut it wid an ax."

"I hope I see you well, ma'am," said Mrs. Flannigan. "An' how is little Reginal'?"

The ill-concealed disdain with which she pronounced—or mispronounced—the genteel name of Reginald was not lost on Mrs. Blake.

"Ah, Mrs. Flannigan!" she returned sweetly, "Reginald, the dear child, is heart-broken. All the moving picture houses have been closed on account of influenza. The photoplay is as much a part of his daily life as his meals. He misses it dreadfully."

This was home thrust, because poor Mrs. Flannigan could not think of sending her drove of husky youngsters to a daily show without dropping one of their daily meals. 'Tis true "himself" had had a "rise in his pay" down at the gas house, but rent and coal and oatmeal and shoes and all the rest had gone still higher. Mrs. Flannigan came back on her adversary full force:

"The pitcher-houses closed, is it? May they never open up agin, then—bad cess to them—God forgive me for swearin'. It's them same pitcher-shows, wid their bould girls an' their scandalous goin's-on that made the dear Lord send us this wisitation."

"My dear Mrs. Flannigan, you have an altogether mistaken notion on this subject. Motion picture plays by the leading stars are an education in themselves."

"Iddycation!" scoffed Mrs. Flannigan. "Iddycation! The childhre get more iddycation in wan day from the Sisthers than in a month o' Sunda's from all yer star-rs—or moons ayther, begor!"

"Why certainly, Mrs. Flannigan, the Sisters, good souls, are excellent teachers, but their sphere is restricted. I want my son to have a

well rounded education. He goes to school to learn books, and to the moving picture drama to learn human nature."

"Is he a bur-rd that he must have pitchers of human beings gallavantin' on a bed sheet to larn him human nachure? Can't he larn it from himself?"

"Oh, Mrs. Flannigan, you do not understand. By studying how others act under the stress of passions which he has never felt, he will become more broad and sympathetic in his judgments of his fellow beings."

"I'm thinkin' he'll find badness a-plenty in his own har-rt, widout lookin' for it in other people," said Mrs. Flannigan.

"Why, Mrs. Flannigan!" expostulated Mrs. Blake, "you seem to think that motion picture shows are essentially evil. Don't you know that in some places even the priests give them for the benefit of the parish?"

"May God forgive them!" murmured Mrs. Flannigan.

"Surely, Mrs. Flannigan, you do not mean to say that your own children are never allowed this innocent recreation!"

"If I caught my childhre in one of them ungodly places, I'd thrash them widin an inch of their lives, I would that."

"Why I am sure," said Mrs. Blake, "I have seen your oldest boy, Barney, time and again in moving picture houses."

"Arrah, that rhapsallion, is it? He's growd beyant us. He do what he likes widout ever a 'by yer lave' from ayther his father or me. But if wan of the others—"

"I greatly fear," interposed Mrs. Blake, "that this insubordination is due to the policy of suppression which you adopt towards your children in their early years. Having never been allowed the innocent pleasures of childhood, as soon as they grow beyond your control, they will give themselves up to unreasonable excesses. Now, with my Reginald it will be different. When he grows to be a man, he will have been satiated with such things, and he will turn of his own free volition to more manly pursuits."

"Arrah, when you Reginal' grows to be a man!" sniffed Mrs. Flannigan. There was so much evident sarcasm in her tone that a storm should surely have burst had not a third party come upon the scene.

"Shure, 'tis himself that's in it!" cried Mrs. Flannigan excitedly.

"Good morning, Father Casey," said Mrs. Blake.

"God love ye, Father Tim," said Mrs. Flannigan.

"Mrs. Flannigan has just been treating me to a sweeping denunciation of the photoplay," said Mrs. Blake.

"Mrs. Blake is for iddycatin' the childhre wid pitcher-shows," said Mrs. Flannigan.

Father Casey took his stand where the ground was solid. He said: "For any one—and above all for a child—to attend *bad* picture shows, is dangerous and sinful."

"What would you call bad picture shows?" asked Mrs. Blake.

"A bad picture show is one where there is danger to faith or morals."

"Wisha, they're all that kind!" said Mrs. Flannigan.

"You mean those that attack religion or represent the obscene?" queried Mrs. Blake.

"A motion picture show," replied Father Casey, "is a danger to faith, not only when it directly and openly attacks religion, but also when it insidiously teaches that it makes no difference what religion we profess provided we are kind to our fellow men, and such false doctrines. It is a danger to morals, not only when it is professedly obscene, but also when it gives rise to impure temptations, for example, when the pictures or the text suggest gross uncleanness without expressing it, or when passionate and prolonged love scenes are depicted, or when the characters appear immodestly dressed, or when the picture caters to morbid curiosity by pretending to solve the sex problem."

"Of course, Father Casey," said Mrs. Blake, "you would not expect people to be too squeamish about these things nowadays."

"What I expect, has nothing to do with it—the point is, what God expects. God does not expect people to be squeamish at all, but He does expect them to be clean in mind and heart. To witness unnecessarily anything that naturally gives rise to strong impure temptations is a mortal sin against God's law—nowadays, the same as in any other days."

"When I know a play is bad," Mrs. Blake assured her hearers, "I positively forbid Reginald to see it."

"That is not sufficient," said the priest.

"I—ah—beg your pardon, Father Casey, what do you mean?"

"I mean it is not sufficient to stay away from a play when you know it is bad. You must not go to a play unless you have solid reason to judge that it is good."



"Have I not sufficient reason in the law of charity, expressed in the adage: 'Judge no one evil until it is proved'?"

"Would you apply that adage to a convict in the state penitentiary?" asked the priest.

"No, certainly not!"

"That convict," said the priest, "might be good, though he is in mighty bad company. But you would ask very definite and positive proofs of his honesty before you would trust him with anything valuable, would you not?"

"Quite naturally!"

"So with the picture show. The moving picture people are in business for the money. They know how strong and unbridled is the passion of lust in this godless generation. Therefore many of them pander to this passion in order to draw crowds and swell their receipts. Since many of the moving people are guilty of this shameless crime, you must have proof that each particular production is clean and decent before you risk your virtue or the virtue of your child by attendance at it."

"But how can we tell whether it is good or not until we see it?" asked Mrs. Blake.

"Mrs. Blake, don't be asking me foolish questions. You know more ways than I can tell you of learning in advance the nature of a play. The name of the star is sometimes sufficient assurance, for some actors, on principle, take part in none but clean plays. The theatre where it is reproduced may be a sufficient guarantee. Some theatres never tolerate anything either directly or indirectly against faith or morals. The principal reason why some priests have moving pictures in the parish hall is to keep their people away from bad shows and to give them assurance in advance that they will see a decent performance."

"Then all high class motion picture houses are perfectly safe, are they not?" asked Mrs. Blake.

"I do not know what is meant by a 'high class' house," returned the priest. "If it means a house that follows a high standard of morality, then of course it is safe. If it means a house where unsavory things are shown to high toned people, then it is not a whit safer than a dirty play house in the slums."

"'Tis only to play houses which follow a high standard of morality that I send my child," said Mrs. Blake.

"An' her Reginald", sez she, must have his pitcher-show as regular as he has his brequist," interposed Mrs. Flannigan maliciously.

"That is a serious mistake," commented the priest.

"But the shows are good," argued Mrs. Blake.

"So too are pepper and salt good, yet I should not like to see the child make a meal of them. Recreation, such as going to a good picture show, is the seasoning of life. Self-restraint is the solid food. Solid food should be taken in abundance, seasoning only sparingly—otherwise it becomes harmful. An occasional picture show may be good for a child as a form of innocent recreation that will keep him in better condition to perform his serious duties with cheerfulness and alacrity, but too frequent attendance at even the best of them will make the child lose all power of self-restraint and unfit him for all serious thought or study or work. Then too a great many so-called good picture shows—like a great many so-called good novels—while they contain nothing against faith or morals, give a totally wrong view of life and therefore distort the judgment. The child that has been overfed on them is not prepared to meet and grapple with the real problems of human existence, and therefore begins his career with a serious handicap."

"But Reginald is so disappointed if he cannot see a play every day. I should not have the heart to refuse him."

"Parents who have not the heart to refuse the unreasonable requests of their children, are the parents who, later on, have their hearts broken by the worthless or wicked lives of those same children," declared the priest.

"But I love him so tenderly," sighed Mrs. Blake. "He is all I have."

"Your love for him should make you perform your God-given duties in his regard. One of the strictest of those duties is to teach him from his earliest years the difficult and necessary lesson of self-restraint. If you hated your child with a deep and deadly hatred, you could not show that hatred better than by giving him everything he asks, irrespective of whether it is good for him or not. For thereby you ruin him body and soul."

"It is hard to think that the bitter dregs of disappointment must mingle even with earliest childhood's cup of joy!" murmured Mrs. Blake quite melodramatically. "How often do you think one should allow a child to witness a photoplay?"

"If ye mane to ax me, Mrs. Blake [which, in truth, Mrs. Blake had

no intention of doing] I'd say, never. That's how often!" said Mrs. Flannigan.

"No," said Father Casey, "I do not think I should be so strict as to deprive children of this pleasure altogether. Extremes of any kind are hurtful."

"Shure, weren't we all deprived of the pleasure when we were childhre? An' sorra a bit o' hurt we had from it!"

"But remember, Mrs. Flannigan," replied the priest, "there was no such a thing as a picture show when we were children. We had our other little pleasures instead. Nowadays the moving picture show is an ordinary form of amusement for children. If a child is never allowed to go, he will imagine he is persecuted. But if he is permitted, from time to time, to see a really good and clean performance, he will derive a great deal of genuine pleasure and a certain amount of instruction therefrom. And if, at the same time, he is taught and obliged to curb his desire for going too often and to give his chief attention to serious and earnest work, he will learn the salutary lesson of self-restraint and fidelity to duty. A child managed in this way gets, from actual experience, a sane, sensible, and correct view of life. And that will do more to make his future career happy and successful than a million-dollar inheritance."

"There's a bit of a show in the pitcher-house beyant this afternoon. Mebbe I'd be afther sendin' Connie and Nora to see it. Shure it's mad wid joy they'll be, God bless them! An' I wondher wouldn't it be wise for me to go wid them to make them behave theirselves, I dunno," said Mrs. Flannigan.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

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### THE BETTER PART

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St. Bernard, speaking of the religious state says:

"Your state is of all others the most exalted; it reaches to heaven itself. It is like the state of the angels, resembling the purity of these spiritual beings. It belongs to others to serve God; but to you it is given to cling to Him. I scarcely know by what name I shall most worthily call you: heavenly men or earthly angels; for you live on earth, but your conversation is in heaven. What a happiness to belong to a state of life in which man lives purer, falls less often, rises more quickly, walks more cautiously, is oftener watered with the dew of heavenly graces, rests more securely, dies with greater confidence, comes quicker to glory, and is more richly rewarded."

## THE OUR FATHER: THY KINGDOM COME, VIII.

### THE FIFTH BEATITUDE.

The passages of Holy Scripture relating to almsgiving deserve our serious consideration, for they make known to us both our obligation of bestowing alms on our needy fellow-men, and the spiritual and temporal benefits we can derive from our almsgiving.

### THE FOUNDATIONS OF THIS OBLIGATION.

The precept of almsgiving is founded first on the Divine Law of Charity. All Christians by their baptism become members of the mystical Body of Christ, that is, of His Church, of which he is the Head; and these members like those of the human body should assist and sympathize with one another, for St. Paul says: "You are the Body of Christ, and member of member. The members might be mutually careful for one another. And if one member suffer anything all the members suffer with it; or if one member glory, all the members rejoice with it" (I Cor., XII, 25-27).

It is founded, secondly, on the Divine Law of Justice, for "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof" (Ps. XXIII, 1). The earth and all its goods belong to God their Creator. Men have the use of them only during their short life, and are in duty bound to use them only according to the will of God. It is God who cares for the needy by prescribing almsgiving to those who have more of the world's goods than they really need for their own use. "To Thee" (that is God) "is the poor man abandoned" (Ps. X, 14). Just as God effects the salvation of man through the labor and ministry of other men, especially of priests, so also He leaves or entrusts so to speak, to those who are in easy circumstances the care or office, to provide for the wants of the needy. This is why St. Ambrose says: "When you give alms, you do not merely bestow a favor, but you pay a debt you owe to the poor".

Moreover we should bear in mind that he who assists his neighbor in his wants, and especially he who is willing to make, and actually makes sacrifices in order to do so, assists Jesus Christ Himself. St. Martin, when still a catechumen and a soldier in the Roman army, one day at the gate of Amiens met a poor beggar, half naked and shivering with cold, in vain imploring an alms from the soldiers entering the city. Martin, moved with compassion and having nothing else to give him, took off his army cloak, cut it in two, and give one half of it to the shivering beggar, and covered himself as well as he could with the

remaining half, to the great merriment of the other soldiers. On the following night, however, Jesus Christ surrounded by angels appeared to him clothed with the half-cloak which Martin had given to the beggar, and saying to the angels: "It is Martin, the catachumen, who has clothed Me with this garment."

#### THE BENEFITS WE REAP.

As we have already seen, almsgiving is very sure and profitable means of obtaining divine graces and favors, such as the forgiveness of sins, the light of faith. When God had threatened King Nabuchadonosor with a great punishment on account of his crimes, the prophet Daniel after announcing this to him, exhorted him to avert the threatened punishment by means of almsgiving, saying: "Redeem thy sins with alms" (Dan. 4). We find the same recommendation in other parts of Holy Scripture: "Water quencheth a flaming fire, and alms resisteth sins" (Eccli. III, 33); "Alms causeth to find mercy" (Tob. XII, 9). Cornelius, the centurion, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles (ch. X), deserved to be the first pagan admitted into the Church, on account of his prayers and alms. An angel one day appeared to him, saying: "Thy prayers and thy alms are ascended for a memorial in the sight of God," and told him to send for St. Peter in order to be instructed by him.

Again we read in the Acts of the Apostles (ch. IX) that in Joppe there was a certain disciple Tabitha, named Dorcas. This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds. She fell sick and died. The disciples sent for St. Peter. Peter, accompanied by the two messengers, came to the place where lay her corpse. "And all the widows stood about him weeping and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas had made for them. . . . Peter, kneeling down, prayed and turned to the body, said: 'Tabitha, arise'. And she opened her eyes, and seeing Peter, sat up. And giving her his hand, he lifted her up, and then presented her alive to the widows and the others who were there."

In like manner on Judgment day in presence of all men and angels the poor who have been the recipients of your alms, will show them to the Divine Judge, and He will say to you: "Whatever you have done to the least of My brethren, you have done it to Me." "Therefore come ye blessed of My Father and possess the kingdom prepared for you," for "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

#### WITHOUT MERCY.

Let us now cast a glance at the other side of the picture. There

are persons who do not give alms, under the plea that they cannot afford it; and yet how much do not many of them spend in vain and costly dresses, in amusements, in good cheer, in excessive smoking, sweetmeats, perfumery, in making a great show, in useless trips, and even for pet animals and criminal pleasures! They have no heart, no sympathy for destitute families, for the poor sick, for the orphans, for the young whose poverty exposes them to the danger of leading a criminal and shameful life. They have plenty of pity and sympathy for pet animals even so far as to become the laughing stock of the public; but they have no pity for the distress and needs of their fellowmen! Do not such persons expose themselves to the risk of hearing from the lips of the most just Judge on Judgment Day: "Depart from Me into everlasting punishment for what you refused to the least of My brethren you refused it to Me," for "judgment without mercy to him that hath not done mercy" (James II, 13).

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. Ss. R.

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### THAT FIRE BE KINDLED

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The lover of souls, our most loving Redeemer, declared that He had no other motive in coming down upon earth to become man than to kindle in the hearts of men the fire of His holy love: "I am come to cast fire on earth; and what will I put that it be kindled." And oh, what beautiful flames of love has He not kindled in so many souls, especially by the pains that He chose to suffer in His death, in order to prove to us the immeasurable love which He still bears to us!

St. Augustine, all inflamed with love at the sight of Jesus nailed to the cross, prayed thus: "Imprint, O Lord, Thy wounds in my heart, that I may read therein suffering and love; suffering, that I may endure for Thee all suffering; love, that I may despise for Thee all love." Write, he said, my most loving Saviour, write on my heart Thy wounds, in order that I may always behold therein Thy sufferings and Thy love. For, having before my eyes the great sufferings that Thou, my God, didst endure for me, I will be able to bear in silence all the sufferings that may fall to my lot; and at the sight of the love which Thou didst exhibit for me on the cross, I may never love or be able to love any other than Thee.

And in truth, from what source did the saints draw courage and strength to suffer torments, martyrdom, and death, if not from the

sufferings of Jesus crucified? St. Joseph of Leonessa, a Capuchin, on seeing that they were going to bind him with cords, for a painful operation that the surgeon was about to perform, took into his hands his crucifix and said: "Why these cords? Behold, these are my chains—my Saviour nailed to the cross for love of me. He, through His sufferings, constrains me to bear every trial for His sake." And thus he suffered the amputation without a complaint, looking upon Jesus, who, "as a lamb before His shearers, was dumb, and did not open His mouth."

Who, then can ever complain that he suffers wrongfully, when he considers Jesus, who was bruised for our sins? Who can refuse to obey, on account of some inconvenience, when Jesus became obedient unto death? Who can refuse ignominies, when he sees Jesus treated as a fool, as a mock king, as a disorderly person; struck, spit upon, and suspended upon an infamous gibbet?

Father Balthasar Alvarez said that ignorance of the treasures that we possess in Jesus was the ruin of Christians; and therefore his most favorite and usual meditation was on the Passion of Jesus Christ. He meditated especially on three of the sufferings of Jesus—His poverty, His contempt, and His pain; and he exhorted his penitents to meditate frequently on the Passion of Jesus Christ.

"He who desires," says St. Bonaventure, "to go on advancing from virtue to virtue, from grace to grace, should meditate continually on the Passion of Jesus." And he adds that "there is no practice more profitable for the entire sanctification of the soul than the frequent meditation of the sufferings of the Saviour."

St. Thomas Aquinas was one day paying a visit to St. Bonaventure, and asked him from what book he had drawn all the beautiful lessons he had written. St. Bonaventure showed him the image of the Crucified, which was completely blackened by all the kisses he had given it, and said: "This is my book whence I receive everything that I write; and it has taught me whatever little I know."

This then is the book—Jesus crucified—which, if we constantly read it, will teach us, on the one hand, to have a lively fear of sin, and, on the other hand, will inflame us with love for a God so full of love for us. Let us beseech the divine Mother Mary to obtain for us from her Son the grace that we also may enter into these furnaces of love, so that our earthly affections being there burned away, we also may burn with those blessed flames which render souls holy on earth and blessed in heaven.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.



## THROUGH THICK AND THIN WITH THE BOYS

FATHER BERNARD KAVANAGH, C. SS. R.

Father Bernard Kavanagh was the son of a much-respected Limerick physician. He was educated at the Jesuit school in his native city and entered the Redemptorist novitiate in his eighteenth year. Two of his sisters are nuns. His brother Michael became a Jesuit and died at Stonyhurst in 1913, having given years of devoted service to the poor in the parish of St. Francis Xavier, Liverpool. After his religious profession Father Bernard was sent to the Redemptorist House of Studies at Teignmouth in South Devon. He was ordained priest in 1890, and from that time onwards, until the outbreak of the great war, lived the ordinary Redemptorist life. He excelled as a lecturer and in the power of repartee.

A little incident from the last years of his work in England serves to show this. Father Kavanagh was then at our house in Edmonton, where the Redemptorist Fathers have charge of an exclusively working-class parish. One Sunday night, passing through the Edmonton Green, he found himself amongst the crowd which surrounded an atheistic platform. His sense of loyalty to God was aroused. From that Sunday night to the last he spent in Edmonton he was never absent from that scene. He always began by heckling the lecturer to the admiration of the crowd, which shouted for "fair play" on his behalf with such insistence that he was given ten minutes to reply at the end of each meeting. Soon, however, the anti-Christians had to withdraw this permission in their own interests, whereupon a Nonconformist platform was offered to Father Kavanagh. No sooner had the anti-Christian meeting ended than Father Kavanagh invited the audience to come to his platform to hear his reply. The redoubtable Mr. Foote was brought to the rescue, but with results that led to the shifting of any field of encounter beyond the borders of Father Kavanagh's parish.

When the war broke out Father Kavanagh was in his fiftieth year. He had for a long period been a martyr to sciatica and was of frail physique. When, however, the Provincial sent his name to the War Office, he recognized the call as the will of God, and threw himself into the work for soldiers with an enthusiasm that never wavered. In the diary he kept from the time he joined the Army until two days before his death, his first entry is as follows: "Commissioned Sept. 27, 1914, Purfleet, first Mass Sept. 27. Resided there from Oct. 2-12 under can-



vas." The whole diary consists of short sentences such as these, but it serves to show us his movements, and feelings as to current events. His many efforts to get to France were defeated by the medical authorities, in consequence of his chronic rheumatism. And it was not until a year had passed that he left England, sailing for Egypt on Oct. 13th, 1915. In Egypt he did hospital duties for some sixteen months. Besides keeping a diary, he wrote very full letters to his sister, the Notre-Dame nun.

These letters form a most interesting account of the campaign in the Holy Land and we are glad to give them to our readers. The first is from the desert St. John the Baptist had trod.

My Dearest,

July 30, 1917.

You will accuse me of neglect, but really there is nothing to write about, except to grouse over this hot weather in the shadeless desert. I wonder how St. John the Baptist stuck it out. We are living through a dull interval with practically nothing doing, except an occasional spar. One night, over a week ago, the men of another Brigade raided Umbrella Hill, a troublesome salient. After dinner we heard the guns open fire some five miles away and went out to watch the flashes lighting up the solemn darkness of Judea, as our own pounders went hurtling into the Turkish trenches. Soon they replied with an equal artillery, and the angry duel went on incessantly for over an hour, 9-10. Then 450 of the Bedford's went in and scuffled the Turks, of whom 100 were killed hand to hand. Our losses were 19 killed and about 60 wounded, mostly caught sideways in an Enemy Barage of machine guns which scoured a field they had to cross. It was not a very important stunt, but it helped to interest the men and keep their spirits up. A hundred Turks in a bag was something to go on with! Three nights ago they had a similar raid and killed 30.

More than once secret information has reached us that "the Turks are preparing to attack you tonight" and consequently we lay down dressed and booted. But so far they have not made the attempt. For several weeks our Brigade has been in the front line trenches, but we are moving out from here one night this week and going back to rest our men.

Good-bye, dearest, and let us hope for better times.

Always your

BERNARD.

The next letter is from the British Red Cross Convalescent Hospital No. 10. He was down with the fever.

Ibrahimieh, Alexandria, Aug. 24, '17.

Dearest,

Over three weeks ago we left our position and after two night marches returned to the front trenches near Samson's Ridge, where we had scrapped in April. It turned out to be a dirty, unwholesome spot and soon a lot of us were down with fever—a short violent sort, headache, sickness and a temperature of 103 degrees. I was one of the first and was soon sent away in a sand-cart to the Casualty Clearing Station, then by rail to El Arish, and next day, on to Kantara, my old hospital, where I remained five days. Eventually back to Alexandria military hospital for Officers. Now I have been here nearly a week in a luxurious "home", where we are treated and feasted most generously. Indeed, everyone of the sick and wounded is everywhere treated most lavishly. I hope to leave and return to duty in a day or two. I am now feeling quite well.

Alexandria is a famous city and I have been much interested in looking up its sights and ancient sites: Cleopatra's palace, Caesar's, where Alexander the Great is buried (it is now occupied by a music hall), the famous Theatre, Museum, and above all the Library, which the Khalif Amru burnt in the 7th century.

A month ago I sent in my application for leave to England, and am still awaiting the result. Our Senior Chaplain, Fr. Nash, finds it difficult to obtain a Chaplain for my place meanwhile, and I will not go away unless he can do so, especially as the big push may come off before my return, and it would never do to leave my men without a priest. Indeed the leave has been so long in coming that after this interruption I shall perhaps decline it. My present break does not make much difference as our men have been in the trenches every night, and could not attend Mass. But they move back next week.

No more at present, dearest. How I wish YOU were out here, and could walk round Alexandria along with me. Perhaps you will see it some day.

Once more he writes from Alexandria, giving an account of a soldier's leisure.

Best love from

BERNARD.

Dearest,

Sept. 25, '17.

I feel as guilty as Cain for having left you so long without a line; yours reached me last week. I wrote a month ago from the Con-

valescent Home at Alexandria, and soon after returned to duty quite fit again. Now that the great heats are over and the weather still glorious I am in much better form. The day before my return the Brigade had left the trenches, and since then we are camped on sand dunes looking over the blue Mediterranean. The men are kept continually training—away at 5:30 a. m. for maneuvers, at a distance, to which they march over heavy sand for several miles, carrying their full equipment and pack on their backs. It is pretty severe, but it hardens them. Beyond that, I can say nothing. I do not attend their maneuvers. Instead, I manage while here to say Mass every morning, privately at 6:30 in a very small chapel hut in the midst of a great camp, where all the regular Sunday services, Ch. of England, R. Catholic, Non-Conformist, take place in turn.

We are all feeling the dreadful tedium of these long empty days. My only work in a week is to go round the various battalions late of an afternoon, when there is a chance of meeting some of my small flock and speaking to them individually.

I bought a fresh parcel of books, mostly French, in Alexandria, but somehow one feels disinclined even to read. After breakfast I call for my horse and go for a ride, but it is not pleasant on the sand, and one has very few definite places to go to. All around us is desert, sand dunes, and occasional scrub—and I do not care to venture far in this strange and featureless country. Once or twice I had an anxious time having lost my way.

The troops are all well rationed—plenty of meat and bread, etc. Tinned bully beef is excellent stuff and huge consignments of fresh chilled meat from Port Said (imported from the Argentine and Australia) are sent up almost daily by the wonderful new Railway. It is now provided with a double track, and looks as if it had been going for 100 years—but IT is the revolution here, and means that the Kingdom of Judah has, under my own eyes, been brought within the sweep of modern civilization.

At present our meals are rather more Biblical. At this season the Arabs net vast quantities of quails, a bird which is no larger than pigeon. In a London restaurant they are sold as a rarity for as much as 7/6, I hear. Here they are only one piastre, 2-2/3 d. each, and just now figure constantly at all the officers' messes, a cheap luxury, and certainly a delicacy. For dessert we have an abundance of figs from the scattered fig trees round.

I am sorry I forgot to satisfy your feminine curiosity about my Altar-breads. I get them from Washbourne in London, who sends them out occasionally in tin boxes beautifully packed. In this dry climate I have no hesitation in using them for 3 months after arrival. My Altar wine is variously supplied, an approved one when I can get it, or any good Sherry which I can obtain.

I have heard nothing about E. except from you. I do not think he is on the E. E. F. so far—probably in Somaliland or Aden. Have had no recent correspondence with L. About 2 months ago I had a reply from M. M.

Best love, dear little woman, from

BERNARD.

N. B.—The October letter never reached me—was probably lost at sea on the way.

When once more we hear from him he had gone through one of the great battles of the campaign.

(To Be Continued.)

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### A PROMISE TO MOTHER

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Once, when Abraham Lincoln was a member of Congress, according to a well-known story, a friend criticized him for his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host, urging as a reason for the reproof:

"There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to its use."

"I mean no disrespect, John," answered Mr. Lincoln, "but I promised my precious mother only a few days before she died that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage; and I consider that promise as binding today as it was the day I made it."

"There is a great difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers and a man in a home of refinement," insisted the friend.

"But a promise is a promise forever, John, and when made to a mother it is doubly binding," replied Mr. Lincoln.—*Sacramento Catholic Herald*.

We might apply this to our promises made to God—our good resolutions.

## THE BUTCHER'S BOY OF TASSWITZ

## A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HIS WORK.

When St. Clement arrived in Vienna in 1785, as we have seen, there was humanly speaking no thought of doing anything there—the sacristan-emperor made that impossible. Consequently St. Clement Hofbauer offered his services, with his companion's, to the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, and thus began a series of labors and wanderings, or sufferings and trials, of marvelous successes amid persecutions and almost impossible situations.

Take out your map of Europe (1787-1820) and briefly follow his trail.

From Vienna he was ordered to Stralsund in Pomerania. Clement got as far as Warsaw, where the Papal Nuncio kept him and gave him charge of St. Benno's Church. From here the Saint sent his newly found and trained disciples to other places and provinces of the then kingdom of Poland. When it became clear, owing to the division of Poland, that Warsaw could not long be the home of his Fathers, St. Clement set out for Germany to find a new scene of labor. That was in 1803.

At first the Papal Nuncio destined him for Berlin and Hamburg, where the Church was in an unspeakably sad condition. But again the Saint was halted—this time by Cardinal Schwarzenberg, and given a ruinous old castle in Bavaria, near Constance, to be a home for a Redemptorist community. Driven thence by the enemies of his work—the Freemasons—he attempted other foundations in Lower Germany, in France, in Switzerland; such were the circumstances of the time that every place proved impossible.

He set out for Italy to get in touch with the Superiors of the Congregation and to have some young men, who had attached themselves to him, raised to the priesthood. Thence he returned to Warsaw—made repeated excursions to the foundations in Lower Germany, that were in direst need and in constant danger, and finally returned to Warsaw, to labor there until 1808.

That was the year of the blight. Napoleon's legion swept over Europe: in the onrush of the waves, St. Clement's wonderful work was swept away and the wrecks of it strewn all over Europe.

St. Clement himself with some of his companions reached Vienna. Once an impossible field of labor, now it became, through crosses and

hardships, the scene of his glory. From there, his disciples went out into all parts of Europe, and even to America, and in the course of the past 100 years succeeded in planting the banner of the Congregation successfully in almost every land. There he died. There he lives in the grateful memory of men—his name a blessing forever.

When we remember that all his travelling practically was done afoot, we can form some idea of his undaunted courage. The Butcher's boy of Tasswitz, the baker's apprentice of Znaim, the humble Redemptorist, the Apostle of two nations, the saint; it is a progress no man could have foreseen.

#### POOR POLAND'S PLIGHT.

Such is the general outline of St. Clement's work. Let us return to look more closely at each phase. His first field was Poland.

Those were the years when the claws of three lions: Russia, Prussia and Austria, tore Poland to pieces, despite the heroism of Kosciuszko, of whom Campbell sang:

"And freedom shrieked as Kosciuszko fell."

That story is familiar to us. But a brief description of the fall of Warsaw will serve to give us some idea of the field in which St. Clement's first and perhaps most glorious work was done.

The King, Stanislaus Poniatowski, was a creature of France, a mere figurehead, nay a traitor, who sold his country to Russia. One Polish nobleman told him one day:

"Through you, an entire, a great, a beautiful, a powerful nation has sunk into a political nonentity. . . . Our warriors longed to fight for their land, and you, my king, you wept in the arms of women. Not tears, but deeds save the honor and ensure the happiness of countries." In 1794, however, under the heroic Kosciuszko, an attempt was made to throw off the Russian and Prussian beasts of prey. Warsaw was the scene of a great uprising at Easter time. The "Easter of Warsaw" is written red in history. On Good Friday and Holy Saturday 3,000 Russians were murdered in the city and on Easter Sunday, 48 Russian prisoners that pleaded on their knees for mercy were cut down in cold blood.

For this the Russians retaliated. The following summer a great Russian and Prussian army under Suworow swooped down upon the city with the suddenness and fury of a cyclone. Kosciuszko was beaten—wounded—taken prisoner. "Revenge for the Easter of Warsaw" was the battlecry with which the enemy burst into the city. The gen-

erosity of Gen. Suworow could not restrain them. St. Clement describes the scene very briefly in a letter.

"We live here in most anxious times. Hardly had the city been freed from the Prussian siege, when the Russian came on. This did not last so long, but it was all the more cruel. More than 10,000 men, women and children were murdered in the suburb of Praga. We were compelled to be eyewitnesses of the bloodshed, for it was enacted just in front of our house. Cannons played incessantly on the city, but of the thousands of shots that were fired or bombs thrown, only three fell upon the house occupied by our Fathers, and none of these did any harm."

#### THE FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE.

The result, however, of such incessant struggles and revolutions was an immense number of wounded and crippled men, orphans, ruined homes, poverty, ignorance, and moral degeneracy. It was here that St. Clement appeared as the father of the people.

His methods were modern. He built schools for boys and girls. For the latter he founded a Congregation of young women to teach school and nurse the sick. He also built orphan asylums for boys and girls, and lastly, a seminary wherein to recruit young men for the priesthood. Although at first he found very little response from the people because he was German, soon they realized that he was a man of God, and they began to co-operate generously with his charitable undertakings. So that, in a short while, the crowds that streamed out to the Redemptorist church of St. Benno caused a great stir in the city. Their religious work there was described by eyewitnesses as a "continuous mission."

The day began with Mass at five o'clock. Five sermons were preached daily: 3 in Polish, and 2 in German. In the afternoon there was public devotion of the Way of the Cross and benediction. In the evening night-prayers were said with the entire congregation. And, say contemporary witnesses, it was only reluctantly that the people left the church, where they received so much consolation and help in their hard times.

Live sodalities for young men and young women were established; novenas and feasts were celebrated with great splendor. Evidently the Saint was convinced that "reconstruction" could be accomplished only by a real return to God. Moreover, with wonderful farsightedness, he understood the value of the press; a society was begun for the spread



of Catholic literature among the people; those who could write were urged to do so, and translations were made of valuable books. Especially the works of St. Alphonsus were put into the hands of men. And, somehow, no doubt it was God's Providence, there came to St. Clement young men from France, Switzerland and Germany, to associate themselves with him, as members of his Congregation, to carry on the Saint's work.

#### THE WAYS OF THE SAINT.

Now a little insight into the personality of the Saint. When we read what contemporaries—people who knew him and came into contact with him and saw all his work, we are immediately struck with the warmth and enthusiasm of their admiration and attachment. He evidently was a remarkable combination of simplicity and dignity.

One day they were in great need and there was no money on hand. St. Clement went into the church to confide his trouble to Our Lord. While he prayed his fervor and confidence grew and at last rising, he ascended the altar and knocked at the tabernacle door, saying: "Lord, help us; now it is high time." The Saint had hardly returned to the home when a wealthy man came and offered the necessary money.

On another occasion Clement was collecting money for the Polish orphan children. In the course of his collection tour he also stepped into a tavern, where he found several men playing cards for money. He went up to them and asked them for an alms for his orphans. One of the men, perhaps he was somewhat under the influence of liquor, began to abuse him, and as he spoke his anger grew, till at last he spit in the Saint's face. St. Clement quietly wiped his face and said smilingly:

"My dear sir, that was for me; now give me something for my poor, starving orphan children."

At the sight of such magnanimity the man's anger was broken. He gave the Saint a good donation and himself later went to St. Benno's to make his confession and reform.

#### THE BLIGHT.

After 1807 Poland by decree of Napoleon belonged to the King of Saxony. In reality it was under French dominion. The Freemasons, who hated the good work the Saint was doing, decided to put an end to it. They secured from Napoleon himself the closing of St. Benno's and the expulsion of the Fathers.

It was the 17th of June. The Fathers were occupied in the confes-



sionals, in the pulpit and in the schools. Suddenly soldiers appeared in all the streets leading to St. Benno's; the house and the church were surrounded. One would have thought they were attacking a fortress. The commissioners of the government entered the house, searched every part of it and put all things they found under government seal. Then they called all the Fathers—the preachers had to interrupt their sermons. The people tried to leave the church but found themselves locked in, while the sound of the troops outside made them fear the worst. Later on the people were allowed to depart. But the Fathers were kept in the house as prisoners. For days they were submitted to inspections and examinations, accusations and threats.

Early on the morning of the 20th of June, wagons drove up to the house; the Fathers were led into them, five in each wagon, and they were driven away to the Prussian fortress of Kuestrin. They were 36 in all—9 Laybrothers, 10 Students and 17 Fathers. After a month's detainment, and renewed inspections, they were at last, at their own expense, conducted to the boundaries four by four, and dismissed.

Some of the Fathers, one Student and three Laybrothers found their way to Vienna, where they once more gathered round the Saint. The rest unfortunately disappeared.

Thus closes the second great chapter in the Saint's life. The scene of the last is in Vienna.

(To Be Continued)

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

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### EN EGO

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O good and sweet Jesus, behold me today  
 Here kneeling before Thee, I bow down to pray;  
 And from Thee I beg with most fervent desire,  
 For strong faith and firm hope and charity's fire.  
 O give me contrition, inspired from above—  
 And perfect amendment to prove my true love.

With deepest affection and grieved soul I see  
 Thy five Precious Wounds shedding God's Blood for me!  
 Remembering what David, the Prophet King, said  
 Of Thee, sweetest Jesus—bruised, bleeding and dead:—  
 "My hands and my feet they have dug"—with sin's pain—  
 "My bones they have numbered"—God's Lamb they have slain.

*Patrick Brennan, C. Ss. R.*

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Occasions of learning and self-improvement come, stay with us for a time, then pass. And the wheels of time shall not be reversed to bring them back once they are gone.

## A CHAPLAIN'S PROMISE

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I am writing this in the hope that it will fall into the hands of any, if only one, of the young men who fought in France with the regiments from Illinois and Nebraska. I know that it will be interesting to them. I know that when I mention the name of Chaplain Emil Chuse—Father Chuse—as his boys always called him, it will revive sweet memories. And they will think of that little man with the great, big heart who was indeed a true father to his boys—who braved every danger with them, who sacrificed himself untiringly for their comfort, who prepared so many of their chums to answer without fear the Roll Call in the Great Beyond. They will remember when the "flu" was proving itself more ravenous for lives than the German, how the little Chaplain went from bed to bed in the improvised hospitals, advising some, encouraging others, helping all; or how he went from door to door in Harcourt begging for a cup of milk for his "malad soldat." They will remember how they themselves went to confession to Father Chuse on the cold stone floor of a Lutheran church. And they must have often wondered where that real friend in their hour of need is now.

'Twas just that evening after all the boys had left the church, the Chaplain and his faithful aids were walking towards their quarters. No word passed between them. Father Chuse was thinking of his boys.

"How many of them," he wondered, "would be alive this time tomorrow?" Far off he could hear the noise that made him picture the hell into which he and his men would soon be thrown. "Would he himself come out of it alive?"

So far, he argued, in the face of a thousand dangers he had escaped unhurt. And he knew the reason. He had a talisman. A picture? Yes, but not so much that, as a great burning, childlike love in his heart for her whom the picture represented: Our Lady of Perpetual Help. She had protected him, and that day, on his way from the Lutheran church, he made two solemn promises to his Blessed Mother, to be fulfilled if she should bring him safely through the death-bearing hours of the morrow.

The battle came, and took its toll of dead. His boys were victorious, but many of them received their honors in another land. Through bloodshed and suffering, thinking no more of his life, but how he might help the wounded and dying, through dangers undaunted, he did his duty. It was over—and he was saved.

Some months later he was on his way to Lourdes to keep one of the two promises he had made to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. That was January 11th, 1919.

'Tis now a twelve-month later to the very day. I am bringing you into the Catholic Church in Centralia, Illinois. You have plodded through a heavy snow, and still you see an over-crowded church. Not only is every pew filled, but the gallery can hold no more, and still the people are standing crowded in the rear of the church. Around the altar are grouped the school children, the girls all in white with wreaths upon their heads, and the boys in neat cassocks and surplices. And in the center of the sanctuary is a wonderfully decorated picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

We are listening now to the priest who tells in his simple way the fascinating story of the picture. Those people hear it, perhaps, for the first time, and many a tear dimmed eye speaks of the heart's welcome Mary is receiving. Oh, non-Catholic friends, tell me, how can you live and shut out from your lives the warmth and light of this Mother's Love? How can you tell that Boy in her arms that you love Him, and refuse to honor his own Mother? How can you honor the picture of those you love and have loved on earth and then say it is idolatry to honor the picture of her who is your dearest friend and best benefactor after God?

In solemn procession, amid the singing of the little children, the picture is carried around the church. It is placed in a costly shrine. The children lisp their consecration—the first gift to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Then the new-founded Holy Name Society of one hundred twenty-one men pronounce their pledge. Benediction is given. We go over to the priest-house. 'Tis over.

On the way from the church—just as almost two years before on the way from the Lutheran church near the battle front—Father Chuse tells us:

"I have just now fulfilled my second promise to Our Lady of Perpetual Help."

MICHAEL H. PATHE, C. Ss. R.

Your life work means rather more to you than an athletic event, doesn't it? It offers, as you well know, possibilities and rewards incomparably superior to any you could gain in a sporting contest. Of this there can be no question.

But do you keep in training for it with anything like the fidelity you would show if called on to make ready for a marathon race or a boxing match or a football game?

## THE UPS AND DOWNS OF KARL

### CHAPTER XXVIII. UNCLE STANHOPE'S BARBECUE.

When the hunters found out about Karl's mishap many were the expressions of sympathy and regret, and none more vehement than those of Gogarty. For the first time many learned of the frightful quicksand, and then and there resolved to find some means to do away with such menace. The coon-hunt was a great success, barring Karl's mishap and the fact that a few of the hunters had come to grief on the cypress-knees. Karl rode home on Tilden with Jimmie Bilkins behind him. It was two o'clock in the morning when they returned, and Mrs. Maloney and Marguerite, from their separate watchtowers, were on the lookout, each one anxious about her boy. But when the cavalcade came dashing up and with much laughing and shouting separated for the night, each going his own way, and when Karl and Willie showed up sound and smiling, two mothers were at peace and slept soundly, but—had they known—had they known. Uncle Stanhope, Patrick, Karl, Willie and Jimmie Bilkins had made it up among themselves to keep quiet about the accident, so as not to alarm the family, at least for a few days; for they knew that it must leak out sooner or later. So the next morning at breakfast, which was later on account of the sleepers, all of them were noncommittal. Mr. Maloney had taken his breakfast at 7 o'clock and gone down to the store. And when the breakfast bell rang at 8 o'clock, it was a sleepy looking crowd that showed up, at least the men folks. Of course, the girls looked as bright and lovely as ever. All three had gone to the 6 o'clock Mass, to communion, and when they were all seated Anne was the first to break the silence.

"I'm hungry," she said, "waiting for you lazy people. I've been up since 5 o'clock. I'm glad this coon-hunt is only an annual affair. How many coons did you bag?"

"Six fine ones," said Patrick. "We sent them all down to the Club.

"Uncle Stanhope, you surely will be on hand," said Patrick. "We couldn't have got those coons without you and your dogs."

"Not I," replied Stanhope. "Have other fish to fry. I'm going home right after lunch."

"Well, that must be some fish, Uncle Stanhope, to keep you away from a coon-supper," said Grace.

"The barbecue, the barbecue," replied Uncle Stanhope smiling.

"Oh, goody," said Catherine and clapped her hands. "May we come?"

"Certainly," said Uncle Stanhope, "and bring your friends."

"How many?"

"As many as you wish, fifty."

"I propose that we get up a horseback party," said Grace.

"I'm with you," exclaimed Willie.

"Oh, you!" said Patrick, winking at Uncle Stanhope, "that Billy Buttons could never keep up; he's as slow as molasses in the winter time."

"That's what you say," retorted Willie, "but he kept up with Joe Gogarty last night, and if it hadn't been for Billy Buttons Karl—"

A fierce look from Patrick admonished Willie that he was spilling the beans, and that worthy, much embarrassed and reddened, looked in vain for a loophole of escape.

"What about Karl?" asked Mrs. Maloney, giving Willie a hard, questioning look; but before he could frame a reply, Patrick broke in:

"I have my eye on a good horse."

"So have I," said Grace. "Edith Smith's Flora. I've given Edith enough rides in the cart to entitle me to that."

"I haven't had a horseback ride for a coon's age," said Anne. "It'll be a treat. Mother, what will you ride?"

"I'll stay home and keep house," Mrs. Maloney replied. "I don't care for barbecues anyhow."

So they counted up a party of about fifteen to go to the barbecue, which was an annual event with Uncle Stanhope and famous throughout the countryside.

"I have some things to arrange," said Stanhope, "some purchases to make, which will fill up my time until lunch. So you may expect me here about 12 o'clock."

"Oh, very well, Stanhope," said Mrs. Maloney, "I'll have Miss Queen come up."

"Good, do," said Uncle Stanhope.

Just then there was a ring at the phone, and Grace quickly rose to answer it. When she returned a moment later,

"Pa wants to speak to Willie."

"Pa—to Willie!" exclaimed Mrs. Maloney. "Well, I do declare. That's something new. You're getting to be very important."

"Oh, it's nothing," said Patrick, "just wants him to bring down his specs."

Willie rose sheepishly, wiping the molasses off his lips. As he went to the phone he left the door wide open and a silence fell while all smil-

ing at one another listened, none with more acute curiosity than Mrs. Maloney. That was Willie's end of it.

"Hello!"—"What?"—"Aw, it wasn't nothin'"—"What for?"—"What kind of a medal?"—"Well, Billy Buttons ought to get one too." Patrick and Uncle Stanhope looked at one another. "Will you be there?"—"Aw, that wasn't nothin'"—"Good-bye!"

When Willie returned, looking quite innocent and a little crest-fallen, I must confess, his mother tackled him at once.

"What's that about Billy Buttons getting a medal?" queried Mrs. Maloney.

"Oh, don't you know, Mother?" said Patrick, breaking in. "He's going to get a leather medal with a wooden string, because he has such a meddlesome master;" and Patrick looked around the table quite triumphantly. All laughed except Willie who stared hard at Patrick and slowly drawled out:

"I hope you feel better after that."

"But what is that about the medal?" pursued Mrs. Maloney. "It's no secret, is it?"

Willie looked at Uncle Stanhope and Patrick and saw both smiling and nodding their heads at him.

"Pa says that the Chamber of Commerce is going to give me a medal," said Willie.

"The Chamber of Commerce—you—a medal—" exclaimed Mrs. Maloney. "Well, did you ever? What is it all about?"

"I'll tell you what it's all about, Bridgie," said Uncle Stanhope, and he started eloquently to narrate the whole affair from beginning to end, while Willie finished up his slapjacks with all nonchalance. Mrs. Maloney paled and flushed by turns, as well as the girls, as they thought of Karl's extreme peril, and how near also Willie had been to destruction. Mrs. Maloney looked at the young hopeful with mingled affection and pride, yet at the end of the narrative she exclaimed with a frown,

"I wish some one would blow up that Ogden Forest! Nothing but trouble!"

"Ma," said Willie, "why don't Pa buy it and blow it up? It's for sale."

"Not a bad idea," said Uncle Stanhope, striking his head, "I'll go halves with him."

"It's true," chimed in Patrick, "one thousand acres to be sold on

Aug. 1st for taxes. The tax-bill is \$800."

"I intend to speak to your father about it when I go down town," said Uncle Stanhope, rising.

At ten minutes to 12 Uncle Stanhope returned smiling, and went right up to his room. As the angelus-bell was ringing 12, Miss Queen came in, and kissing Mrs. Maloney she exclaimed,

"The whole town is ringing with the name of that wonderful boy of yours. I congratulate you."

"Please, don't make much of it in his presence," replied Mrs. Maloney, smiling. "I'm so afraid he'll be spoiled with so much notice."

"He seems to take it all quite coolly," said Grace, "just as if it were an every day occurrence."

"And now, they're talking about buying the miserable place. If they do, those boys will be in trouble of some kind all the time."

"And poor mother'll be in hot water," said Grace, laughing.

"Just so," replied Mrs. Maloney as she took Miss Queen up to her room.

"Where's the young man?" said Mr. Maloney when they all sat down to lunch.

"He and Jimmie Bilkins went off to hunt a horse for Jimmie. They're getting up a horseback party for the Fourth of July, for Uncle Stanhope's barbecue," said Mrs. Maloney.

"Aha! That annual affair at Pine Grove. Well, excuse me, I'm not in on that."

"You're getting too old and stiff for such things," said Uncle Stanhope, laughing. "You ought to come out to coon-hunts on moonlight nights and barbecues by daylight with us young people. Hey, Catherine?"

"Yes, indeed, Uncle Stanhope," replied Catherine, "you're younger than any of us."

"By the way, Miss Queen," said Uncle Stanhope, "are you one of the party, and what do you intend to ride?"

"I am, indeed," replied Miss Queen, "but I haven't made any arrangements as yet for a mount."

"Do you ride well?" queried Uncle Stanhope.

"Oh, a little," smiled Miss Queen.

"Uncle Stanhope," broke in Anne, "she's the best woman-rider in this town."

"You don't say," said Uncle Stanhope, opening his eyes



"Well, I'll tell you, to be sincere," laughed Miss Queen, "my father used to say that I was born on horseback. But it's so long since I rode horseback, I'm afraid I'd fall off."

"Oh, never fear," said Uncle Stanhope, "that's something like swimming, you never forget it. Now, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to make an exception in your favor and send Black Bess in for you."

"Very kind, indeed, thank you," murmured Miss Queen, bowing her head and looking highly pleased. "Will she be equipped with a side-saddle?"

"Indeed, she will, with everything, except a Mexican lariat."

At this little reference all laughed.

"Let me tell you," went on Uncle Stanhope, "if you're a good rider, you'll enjoy Black Bess. She's the best saddle nag in this county. She has a fine walk, a splendid fox-trot, a good trot, she paces and racks, her lope is like the rocking of a cradle, and she flies like the wind."

"Some horse!" said Patrick.

"Indeed," said Miss Queen, "after such a eulogy, I love her already!"

"She'll be here tomorrow," continued Uncle Stanhope, "that will give her two days to rest. You'll see that these Maloneys take good care of her."

"That I will," replied Miss Queen with a pleased, happy look on her face.

"How many persons do you expect at the barbecue, Uncle Stanhope?" asked Grace.

"Oh, anywhere from 300 to 500."

"Are any of them voters?" asked Miss Queen.

"Yes, indeed," replied Uncle Stanhope, "easily 200 by the 15th amendment, enjoy the franchise, and they never lose an opportunity of exercising it."

"Very good," said Miss Queen, "the Fourth of July is Patriots' Day, and as we are to have a very important election on July 11th, I would be pleased, with your permission, to deliver an address on Prohibition."

"Potts tausend!" exclaimed Uncle Stanhope, dropping his knife and fork, and holding up his hands. Mr. and Mrs. Maloney exchanged looks. The three girls smiled interestedly. Patrick chuckled under his breath.



"You'll have your trouble for your pains," continued Uncle Stanhope, "you could never make those darkies give up booze."

"If they're voters they have a right to know the issues at stake, to exercise their franchise intelligently," said Miss Queen. "I believe when the voters of this country realize the issues at stake, and they are learning more about it every day, the whole country will go prohibition."

"Never!" said Uncle Stanhope with some emphasis, "the people of this country will never be guilty of such insanity."

"Insanity!" exclaimed Miss Queen, straightening up, while two red spots appeared in her cheeks, and her eyes glittered like those of a snake about to transfix its victim. "Insanity! Where would be the insanity in such a course?"

"Why, to deprive people of something that's not in itself bad, at the dictation or machination of a lot of cranks; to take away, in one word, the people's liberty," and Uncle Stanhope looked around the table to see in the eyes of the others a confirmation of his remark.

"Surely, you can't deny that the State has a right to protect itself from a evil, a menace to its subjects," retorted Miss Queen; "I do not say that alcoholic liquor is in itself a bad thing; on the contrary, it's a good thing when used in moderation, for medicinal or scientific purposes."

"Good for you," said Uncle Stanhope triumphantly, "you concede every point."

"But," said Miss Queen, leaning forward and looking straight at Uncle Stanhope over Catherine's nose, as a sharpshooter uses a raised sight on his gun, "I do say emphatically that the American saloon is so great a menace, so great an evil, a maelstrom sucking in its victims, a juggernaut crushing them, a deadly upas-tree poisoning their bodies and destroying their souls that there is only one effective way to curb it and that is to root it out root, stock and branch. If you could stand on the sidewalks of one of our big cities and watch the frightful procession of 5,000,000 drunkards of these United States marching by ten abreast, and then, the 25,000,000 of their unhappy wives and wretched children following, you might form some faint idea of the menace to our country of the American saloon."

Uncle Stanhope began to show some signs of wilting, like a drowning rat, but he bobbed up again and came back: "But, the saloon-keepers don't drag these men into their saloons, and pour liquor down their throats *nolens volens*."

"No," said Miss Queen witheringly, "they don't use physical violence, that's true, but they make use of every seductive attraction possible; free lunches, music, orchestras, dancing, turkey raffles, vaudeville, and when their wretched victim has once succumbed and the habit formed, he has no will power to escape—like a fly in a trap."

"But why, I would like to ask," said Uncle Stanhope, flaring up again, "why should I and millions like me, moderate drinkers, be forced to undergo heroic mortification for the sake of those miserable bums that abuse a good thing. Every good thing is abused by some one. You can't legislate people into morality."

"That I deny," said Miss Queen with some heat. "You can. Every law of God and of the Catholic Church has been framed to legislate people into morality."

This was a poser for Uncle Stanhope, and his only answer was a sickly grin. Patrick snickered. But Miss Queen hadn't finished.

"I saw at your house not long since, Mr. Moriarty," continued Miss Queen, "many religious books. I suppose you read them."

"Indeed I do," replied Uncle Stanhope, hoping that the conversation was about to take a turn, "two hours every evening."

"Don't you read there that we have been created to know, love and serve God?" she queried.

"Yes, I do, certainly."

"And that God has destined all of us to be happy with Him in heaven?" she went on.

"Yes, exactly," replied Uncle Stanhope.

"Well, in what does this happiness of heaven consist?"

"They say it consists in the Beatific Vision, knowing God with our intellect and loving Him with our will in a perfect union with Him," answered Uncle Stanhope.

"Aren't we supposed to begin that love here—and if so, shouldn't we be jealous of the Divine honor?"

"Yes," said Uncle Stanhope, "we should, undoubtedly."

"If that be true," continued Miss Queen impressively, "it seems to me that all, and we Catholics particularly, should count the deprivation of alcoholic liquors a small loss, when we consider that not one, but millions of mortal sins against God, will be prevented by the total abolition of liquor."

This was a knock-out blow for Uncle Stanhope, for he was a deeply religious man, and he remained silent for a moment, with his eyes fixed

upon his plate. Every eye was on him. Then he quietly rose, made the sign of the cross, and said his grace in silence.

"Don't stir," he said, "I must be off. But before I go, I want to say, Miss Queen, that you'll be very welcome to address the voters at my barbecue and I hope you'll be able to convert them as you have converted me."

The girls clapped. "Good, good," said Patrick.

Uncle Stanhope extended his hand to Miss Queen, which she blushing took.

"Black Bess will be here tomorrow," he said, as he went out.

Mrs. Maloney followed him out on to the porch.

"She's great—she's great," he said laughing quietly to himself and pointing his left thumb over his shoulder.

"Indeed, she is a splendid woman," said Mrs. Maloney enthusiastically.

The next day about 11 in the forenoon a negro boy brought Black Bess, beautifully equipped with a brand new saddle and bridle. Mrs. Maloney 'phoned at once for Miss Queen to come up to lunch, which she did.

After lunch, "Come out now," said Mrs. Maloney, "and get acquainted with your mount."

The entire family accompanied Miss Queen out to the stable yard and June led out the horse.

"Oh, what a beauty!" exclaimed Miss Queen, running up.

Black Bess whinnied. It seemed to be love at first sight on both sides. Miss Queen stroked the forehead and finely arched neck of the animal and fondled the pretty ears; then, she examined the saddle.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "here's a little note tied to the pommel, addressed to me."

She broke the seal and read it. "Would you believe it?" she said, thrusting the note into Mrs. Maloney's hands and she threw her arms around the horse's neck. Mrs. Maloney read aloud:

My Dear Miss Queen,

Please do me the honor to accept Black Bess as a little present from me to be your very own saddle horse.

Devotedly,

STANHOPE LONGFORD MORIARITY.

"Just like him," exclaimed Grace, "grand and generous."

On Thursday morning, July 4th, there were signs of great activity

around the Maloney home. It had been selected to be the rendezvous. The party of fifteen was to start at 8 o'clock hoping to reach Pine Grove by 10:30. The day was cool and pleasant for the South. The two days preceding had been blustering and showery, and the sandy roads had been battered quite hard and firm by the torrential showers. Surely it was a happy and jolly crowd that galloped away to the East, that morning. Karl had paid his bill of \$1,600.00 to Boggs for the fine horse and equipment that had gone down to China. But he was mounted on a splendid animal now, with racing blood, and he with Miss Queen on one side and Grace on the other, took the lead. Miss Queen was a superb horse woman, and sat her mount like a queen indeed. Grace on his left, mounted on Flora, a beautiful milkwhite trained saddle mare, was none the less conspicuous for grace and skill. The rest of the party followed in twos and threes, Willie and Jimmie Bilkins, as happy as two June-bugs, bringing up the rear. It was truly delicious to canter through the warm summer air, clarified by the recent rains; now, through groves of magnolia and beech trees, again, through clumps of lofty sighing pines; now, through waving cornfields, green and fresh, a-rustling as far as the eye could reach; again, through almost limitless fields of young cotton, the leaves washed by the showers and shining like children's morning faces.

Ten miles out the cavalcade stopped at Montgomery's road-house for a short rest; and by Karl's foresight, a lunch of sandwiches and coffee had been prepared on the wide, cool, front veranda. Then on to Pine Grove without stop or mishap of any kind; where they met with a royal reception from Uncle Stanhope and the large crowd of people, big and little, old and young, male and female, black and white. Some of Uncle Stanhope's darkies took charge of all the horses, and the party took possession of Uncle Stanhope's house, scattering through the various rooms and making themselves thoroughly at home. This was the first chance Miss Queen had had to inspect the improvements planned in the early Spring on occasion of that memorable visit, and you may be sure she lost no time, and each moment was a new pleasure. About 12:30 the martial strains of a drum and fife corps, which Uncle Stanhope had found somewhere, playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," could be heard drawing nearer and nearer punctuated by cheers, and then, in stentorian tones, Uncle Stanhope's voice: "Fall in everybody. No stragglers. Off for the barbecue."

Out they came, onto the front porch, and there filing past, without

much order, but laughing, cheering and in a tremendous good humor, Uncle Stanhope's 400 guests. Our party fell in behind them, Karl and Grace walking together like a pair of turtle doves, minus the billing and cooing, all thought of Ogden Forest, grocery stores and the Gogarty's forgotten, for the nonce, and away to the North, a half mile to a beautiful grove of primeval beeches, where the long trenches had been dug, and the oxen and porkers brown and juicy with "slathers" of bread and coffee and fresh country butter, were awaiting the keen appetites.

It was a great day; and after everyone's appetite had been satiated, Miss Queen was helped on to a table that stood by and she delivered a philippic the like of which was never heard in those parts before or since. And she was cheered to the echo. Then Uncle Stanhope's "Darktown Quartette" got on their feet and they sang through the eleven stanzas of Irwin Russell's "De Fust Banjo":

"Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow," said Noah lookin' solemn—  
Fur Noah took de "Herald", an' he read de ribber column—  
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin timbu patches,  
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to steamah Natchez."

Cheers and hand clapping and encore after encore followed. At last Uncle Stanhope mounted the table and raised his hand for silence.

"Our barbecue has been a splendid success," he said. "Every one is happy and our cooks have given us a sumptuous spread. We owe a vote of thanks to our quartette and to all who have contributed in any way to give us such a happy day. But above all I wish to thank Miss Queen for her instructive, thought-provoking and eloquent oration. (Cheers and handclapping prolonged.) And now I have an announcement to make, which I am sure will give you all pleasure as it has given untold pleasure to me. It is this, Miss Queen has consented to become Mistress of Pine Grove as my wife." (Cheers, hurrahs, handclapping.) Miss Queen hid her face behind a large palmetto fan, Uncle Stanhope stood smiling and bowing and the fife and drum corps struck up: "Too Much Mustard".

Uncle Stanhope held up his hand again for silence. "And in conclusion," he continued, "I invite you all to my wedding which will take place at 7 o'clock Wednesday, Aug. 16, in St. Patrick's Church, Pulaski."

Cheers and shouts: "We'll be there, we'll be there."

(To Be Continued)

W. T. BOND, C. SS. R.

=====	<b>Catholic Anecdotes</b>	=====
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**THE UNEXPECTED VISIT**

Bishop Grant of Southwark was once staying at a priest's house, when a woman came late at night to say that a neighbor of hers was dying and wanted the Sacraments; she had come from a distance and was very tired. The Bishop gave her his blessing when he heard of her errand and said:

"I promise you, when your turn comes, that God will pay back to you this act of charity to a dying soul."

To save the priest the long night walk, the Bishop himself went to the sick woman. Many years afterward a priest came to see him at St. George's and told him of a strange thing that happened to him.

"I was passing through a distant village," he said, "when I was attracted by sounds of prayer and wailing from a cottage by the roadside. I drew nearer and found a crowd of Irish gathered round a bed where a woman was dying. She kept on calling in great anguish for a priest; but in vain—there was not one within many miles. Meanwhile the good people were beating their breasts and saying their prayers aloud, and doing their best to comfort the dying woman. In the midst of this scene I walked in, heard her confession, gave her the last rites of the Church, and remained with her until she died."

"Who was the woman, do you know?" asked the Bishop becoming interested.

"It was a woman who years ago went late one night to get a priest for some one else; and it was you who told her that God would pay her back. She remembered the promise, and so did God."

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**BUSY BUT NOT FUSSY**

Few things were more remarkable about Bishop Grant than the faculty he had of being at leisure even amid overwhelming work and anxiety.

"He was by far the busiest man I ever knew," says Father Hathaway about him, "but I never remember to have seen him fussed; the more work he had on hand the more time he seemed to have at the disposal of anyone who wanted him."

"His days were always roomy," another friend remarks; "he never

appeared to have anything to do than what he was occupied with at the moment. You always felt he was perfectly at leisure to attend to you; there was a delightful feeling of rest with him."

The secret of this faculty of keeping his days roomy, despatching such an amount and variety of work, lay partly in his method of doing the work, in his great order and the habit of doing without delay everything that had to be done, but above all, in his power of bringing up his whole will to his work.

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### HE WANTED TO SEE

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One day St. Clement Hofbauer was called upon to go to a man of high rank, who had given up practising religion for over twenty years and was said to be irrevocably impenitent. His death was imminent. When he first saw the Saint, he insulted him, and ordered him to go away.

Without losing his calmness, the Servant of God gently exhorted him to think of his salvation. The dying man's only answer was to repeat his order to leave at once. Father Clement walked a few steps toward the door, then, as if he had changed his mind, he returned to the sick man's bedside and looked at him fixedly while saying his beads.

"What are you doing there?" the sick man said; "go away and leave me in peace!"

"I will not!" said the Saint. "I have, before this day, seen many predestined ones die; now I want to see how a damned one dies."

At these words, the dying man, as if thunderstruck by them, completely changed his mind. Abashed and repentant, he called the holy priest to his bedside, begged his pardon, and when the holy religious told him that all was forgotten, he exclaimed with sobs:

"Will God also pardon me my sins?"

"There is no doubt about it," replied St. Clement; "if you repent He will pardon you everything."

The sick man then made his confession with marks of the most profound contrition, and expired shortly afterwards, pressing the crucifix to his heart.

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### THE GHOST SHOOED AWAY

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Father Anton Passy, a disciple of St. Clement Hofbauer, tells the following story about his brother:



My brother Joseph was intended by our father to become a merchant. But, being of a rather restless disposition, he had no inclination whatsoever for that avocation. He was an omnivorous reader, and indiscriminate. At last, having taken a great liking to the theater, he ran away from home and went upon the stage in Prague.

My father sent me to Prague to bring the young man back. I saw my brother on the stage, and noticed that his voice was rather weak. It was through this that I finally prevailed on him to give up the stage and come home with me. He did so. But unfortunately, through his indiscriminate reading, and his life on the stage, he had lost all faith and now was frequently moody.

One day I brought him to St. Clement. The Saint invited him to come again. Joseph did so, and had a long conversation with St. Clement. Suddenly the Saint declared:

"Friend, before all else, you must go to confession. When you have done that then the light of Faith will again be kindled in your mind."

But the young man objected strenuously to this. St. Clement perceiving his dread of confession, did not press the matter any more. Only, in his gentle, fatherly way, he made inquiries into his former life and so got Joseph to tell him his whole story from beginning to end, in all details, with greatest simplicity and sincerity. When he had finished the Saint remarked:

"Excellent, my dear friend, excellent! Your confession is made. Kneel down now, and we shall simply make an act of contrition, and firm purpose of amendment; then you will include all your sins again in a general way and I shall give you absolution. That will restore true peace to your heart once more."

"My brother Joseph, concludes Father Passy, came home an entirely changed man, and he told us exultingly what St. Clement had done for him.

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### THEY ARE ALL HONORABLE MEN

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From a little book on Lourdes and its Miracles, we select at random two cases that are interesting from more than one point of view.

A young woman was brought to the shrine of Our Lady. Four years she had been suffering from a suppurating inflammation of the hip-joints, complicated by caries. No doctor could shut his eyes to her condition; it was evident. She regained her health suddenly at the shrine; pains and sores disappeared in an instant.



"How did you get cured?" asked a physician, a free-thinker, who knew her case.

"By whom was I cured?" replied the girl; "by the Blessed Virgin."

"Never mind the Blessed Virgin," answered the physician. "Young woman, why don't you admit that you had been assured in advance that you would get well? You were told in advance that, once in Lourdes, you would suddenly arise from the box in which you were lying. That sort of thing happens, you know; we call it suggestion."

"It did not happen that way at all!" returned the young woman. "On the contrary I came quite helpless."

"Here," said the doctor then, holding some money toward her; "you can have all of this if you admit that you were really cured by suggestion!"

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### THE OTHER CASE

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Another girl comes to Lourdes with a certificate from her physician declaring that she had consumption. The doctors at the shrine of Our Lady gave her another examination and found the physician's verdict correct. The girl was taken out, and after one bath in the spring at the shrine, she was cured. The wary physicians in attendance gave her a second examination; they found her lungs free from every trace of the disease that had been there before. In order to make certain of the cure, they then sent a message to the girl's home physician, asking about her case, but without telling him what had happened at the shrine.

"She is consumptive," came the answer by wire.

The girl went home rejoicing and immediately looked up her physician in order to tell him of the cure and to get him to verify it in writing.

He did so apparently; he wrote out another certificate. But when she looked at it, she saw he had written: cured of a cough—not of consumption.

If there is anyone who parades before the world as the paragon of open-mindedness, of freedom from prejudice, of honesty, it is the free-thinker. He is quite a different man, apparently, when he is off parade.

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We only begin to realize the value of our possessions when we commence to do good to others with them. No earthly investment pays so large an interest as charity.—Cook.

=====	<b>Pointed Paragraphs</b>	=====
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### A WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION

Through long ages the cross was a sign of shame—a slave-criminal's death-bed. "Cursed be he that hangeth on a cross!"

And now—the baby kneeling at its mother's knees traces that sign upon its sinless brow; the Sacraments of Holy Church give grace through its mystic signing; every prayer is begun with it; it reigns in the home and as the water and blood flowed from the riven heart, so by its image are inspired love and patience and joy and peace; it gleams over the Church to show that all its blessings and its treasures come from Good Friday; it gleams over asylums for every form of human need or misery; it towers into the gloom of the Arctic skies, throwing its shadow across eternal snows; it gleams in the white-heat of African jungles and brings the light of the true faith from ocean to ocean; beneath it our dead sleep; in years to come you will be able to show where the line of liberty and nobility ran by the long line of white crosses from the English Channel to Switzerland.

We begin with the cross in Baptism; the crucifix is pressed to our lips in death; we seal each day between two crosses.

Sign of our Faith—cause of our hope—kindling torch of love: the Cross of Jesus.

The sign of shame becomes the sign of sublimest love. Only a God dying on a cross could have wrought such a wondrous change.

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### COME DOWN FROM THY CROSS

Vah, if thou be the Christ come down from the cross.

To the superficial thinker—the man who looks with mere human shortsightedness on the awful scene of Calvary and sees the black gibbet of the cross outlined against the sky, and on it the bleeding, mangled figure of the noblest and sweetest of the sons of men, the taunt of the Jewish rabbles seems almost justified "Surely if He was God, here was His chance. If he had stepped down from the Cross, all would be convinced, all would believe in Him."

We know not the depths of the divine Counsels, yet even we can see many reasons why our Lord did not follow human counsels.

In the first place—He had given them reason enough in His multiplied miracles and prophecies, to recognize Him—the same things that brought St. Peter and the rest down on their knees before Jesus in complete surrender: Lord Thou hast the words of life. To whom shall we go if we turn from Thee; these same signs and wonders, that same preaching “with authority” had they also heard. They clamored, however, always for a sign to their own liking—pride, unwillingness to take up the yoke of Christ, made them hesitate. Take up thy cross—the Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence—this made their understanding slow.

That would have been a human way—but God’s counsels are not man’s. He wished to drain the dregs of human suffering—he wished to plumb the depths of failure—he wished his cause to suffer such wreck that men might be constrained to say: now, if this be man’s work, it will die and rot. “The seed must be cast into the ground and rot if it is to grow.”

That would have deprived us of a lesson of sacrifice and unstinted generosity. That is just precisely the lesson we need: to serve God in prosperity is easy; to drive through storms and blinding tears, through failure and abandonment, true to our goal, is the acme of human accomplishment.

It gave us a lesson of hope in every hour of gloom; it gave us a Mother who knows how to feel with us in life’s sorest bereavements.

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### I DON’T FEEL LIKE IT

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Mother—Jack, there’s the bell for the Lenten devotions. You had better go.

Jack (eighteen and big enough to use strong language)—I don’t feel like it.

Among household phrases, very ordinary, yet when you look into it very damaging.

I don’t feel like it—implies that you are guided by feelings and humors and not by what your reason and common-sense tell you to be important.

I don’t feel like it—is generally said of duties—seldom of pleasures; and oftener of Holy Mass than of a card game; oftener of Confession and Communion than of a dance; oftener of Lenten devotions than of a “social visit” to so-and-so. Naturally, feeling is only a pas-

sion—our lower nature. And acting according to them is putting ourself in the service of the passions.

I don't feel like it—each time it is said the feeling for natural things becomes stronger—the feeling for higher things becomes weaker.

I don't feel like it—because you make no effort to feel like it. Because you make no effort to reflect on the beauties of divine service—on your own deep need of prayer—on your own obligation to worship God and on the necessity of doing penance. You have never understood the crucifix or the value of your soul.

I don't feel like it—no one blames you for that exactly—but you can feel like it. Rule, subject, command your feelings and you will strengthen your character and be able to say: I will feel like it—when ever any duty faces you.

I don't feel like it—that is just why you should do it. That will be the noblest service you can give God—a holocaust.

I don't feel like it—suppose God were to say that to you when you came to Him for aid.

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## THE TWO CROSSES

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There is no life without its cross; the human form seems stretched upon it by the Creator. Man can only choose which cross shall be his. There are two great forms.

Our Lord's Cross: the labors of my state of life and the sorrow and the pain that goes with it—of whatsoever sort it be. This cross I must submit to be nailed to, and never come down till death releases me—never abdicate—never resign. Beneath it stands Mary to comfort—beside it Jesus to strengthen; above it the opened heavens—where all who have borne that cross precede you.

The devil's cross: feelings of wretchedness, black discontent, irritation, complainings, downheartedness and misery, as it were, whiffs from the cloud that envelope Satan in eternal despair.

This you must fling far from you.

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## COMPANIONSHIP

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"In the morning I talk with God about the plans for the day; a dozen times in the rush of things at the office, I close my eyes for a moment and am lifted out of myself onto the great heights of His companionship, from which all problems look singularly small and simple,

and worry an utterly useless exercise; and always, after such a little visit with Him, I feel as refreshed as if I had bathed my forehead in a cool, sparkling spring. And insomnia which used to hold its arm over me at every period when the work grew too intense, has disappeared under the shadow of His quieting presence."

These are the words, not of an anchorite in the desert, nor of a nun or religious devoted to the service of God. They are the words of a business man.

And yet we meet Catholics who excuse themselves: they have no time to pray! They do not feel like praying.

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### A SAINT'S HUMOR

A little anecdote is told in the Life of St. Francis de Sales which brings out at once his wisdom and his kindness.

One day a penitent of his, a lady of high station, who, however, was eager to lead a good life, consulted him as to the propriety of using rouge on her cheeks. The saint very gravely replied:

"Some persons may object to it, and others may see no harm in it; but since you ask my advice, I shall take a middle course, by allowing you to rouge only one cheek."

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### ON THE FIRING LINE IN CHINA

In a recent Editorial, Rev. Bruno Hagspiel, S. V. D., gives us a summary survey of the condition of the Church in China. The chief purpose is to let us see the needs of missionaries, in order to make young men sensitive to the call of God, which, no doubt, is going out to Catholic youths today. He says:

"That we may confidently expect the number of Catholics in China to go over the two-million mark in 1920 can be seen from the recent report of the Lazarist Fathers of Peking for all China, according to which there are today in China 1,992,247 Catholics. This represents a gain of 39,418 during 1919, which is, however, little more than one-third of the ordinary increase.

"The number of European priests continues to decrease, there being forty-four less than a year ago. This is due to the expulsion of a number of German missionaries during the past year. No province reports an increase of more than four European laborers while the majority of the fifty-one provinces can report no increase whatever. This,

however, is partly compensated for by the increase in native priests and students. Fifty-one native priests were ordained, while the number of seminarians increased by fifty, the classical students by ninety-three.

"Altogether there are at present 2,347 priests in China: 1,394 Europeans and 953 natives—surely a small force for such an immense territory and so many souls where every missionary, besides his one thousand converts, has 400,000 waiting to be converted."

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### THE REAL THINGS OF LIFE

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Take up a newspaper and you will see what the world at large seems to consider the highest joy, the greatest satisfaction on earth.

On one page the stocks and money market: wealth. On another the doings of the fashionable—the 400—society people: honor. On another an interminable list of movies, theatres, shows, dances, whose very names serve to rouse the lowest form of curiosity: pleasure. And in the midst of all: divorces, endless lawsuits, scandals, murders, suicides—to show that not all of these things can bring satisfaction and happiness, that "reconstruction" must come from some other source.

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### WHAT WE MUST DO

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It isn't easy—says someone:

To apologize.

To begin again.

To admit error.

To be unselfish.

To face a sneer.

To be considerate.

To endure success.

To keep on trying.

To profit by mistakes.

To forgive and forget.

To think and then act.

To keep out of the rut.

To make the best of little.

To shoulder deserved blame.

To subdue an ugly temper.

We might have added many more things. And yet all these come more or less regularly into our daily life and must be accomplished.

It brings home one conclusion: we must pray for the grace necessary to meet these daily calls upon our weak human nature.

	<h2>Catholic Events</h2>	
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The new Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Council is starting its important work. Rt. Rev. Peter J. Muldoon, Bishop of Rockford, is chairman of the department. He called a meeting of the foremost Catholic laymen and priests engaged in social work in our country, and an executive committee was chosen. It shows us that we have men of big calibre who are fit to be our leaders. Their efforts should meet earnest cooperation from all.

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A diocesan survey of Catholic Charities was instituted by Archbishop Hayes, and placed in charge of the well-known expert, Dr. John A. Lapp of Chicago, and a committee of 20 priests and laymen. The purpose is to centralize and co-ordinate the complicated charities of the immense diocese, in order to prevent overlapping, and to secure the best and most direct help where it is most needed, as well as to avoid waste of charitable endeavors. The investigation was carried on under six divisions: hospitals, child-care, relief, delinquency, recreation and county activities. The result of the survey shows how extensive the charities of New York Catholics are.

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The Lenten Pastorals of the Irish Bishops which are now at hand from Ireland are documents of interest to all Catholics, for we are eager to see what stand they are taking in the troublous times through which their land is now passing. The letter of the Venerable Cardinal of Armagh denounces the injustice of British rule, condemns partition and declares that force cannot be substituted for good government. Bishop O'Donnell of Raphoe asserts that "liberty is trodden under foot as it used to be in Poland under Russia". Bishop O'Doherty of Clonfert says that Ireland is subjected to "a regime of militarism for which history can scarcely find a parallel". And so of all the other Bishops.

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According to America, there are 327 radical newspapers published in the United States, 222 of them in 23 foreign languages, 105 in the English language. In addition to these 144 radical newspapers from abroad are distributed to American subscribers.

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Cardinal Gibbons, with his customary good sense, suggests a remedy for the prevailing discontent over the enforcement of prohibition, which deserves the thoughtful consideration of Congress and the people at large:

"If Congress were to place a liberal interpretation upon the question as to what constitutes an intoxicating beverage, such as would permit the manufacture and sale of beer and light wines, and yet maintain the spirit of the prohibition act, much would be accomplished toward solving a problem now becoming acute and destined to become more and more a basis of unrest in America."



According to the Catholic Directory of Great Britain, which has just been published, there were 9,402 conversions to the Catholic Church in England and Wales during the past year. Among them are, as usual, many persons of note and standing in the Anglican Church. Two notable conversions have been announced lately: that of Rev. Lawrence F. Harvey, B. A., of Exeter College, Oxford, and that of Col. Coulson, Commander of the Military Mission at Prague.

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The Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name of Chicago, now has 179 affiliated branches with a membership of 70,000.

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John J. O'Shea, editor of the "Catholic Standard and Times", of Philadelphia, died after an illness of several months. He was 79 years of age and was the oldest Catholic editor in the United States.

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The struggle for our schools still goes on. Bishop Gallagher of Detroit speaking of conditions in Michigan says: "The bigotry of this state is incredible. Thanks to the initiative any group of fanatic men may club together and submit a constitutional amendment to the people. Such is the measure now proposed. . . . The parochial school is directly aimed at and the outcome is doubtful, since our opponents are spending money like water to carry their point."

A still more deplorable case is the Thomas case in Portland, Oregon. Director Geo. B. Thomas, objected to the employment in the city schools of Mrs. Shaw, a student of Holy Names Normal School, on the sole ground that she was a Catholic. When a petition was read, signed by 100 citizens, asking for Thomas' removal, while pointing to the clause in the Oregon constitution stating that no religious test should ever be required, he said: "I'm not ashamed of having voted against the employment of a Catholic teacher, and I'll say here and now, that hereafter any time such a matter comes up again, I intend to vote against any Catholic."

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At the same time we are pleased to see that in the recent country-wide essay contests announced for all schools, in almost every place from which we have heard Catholic pupils have taken more than their share of prizes. In some places four out of nine; in others as many as four out of seven prizes.

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According to an Associated Press Dispatch from Rome, Rt. Rev. Edmond Heelan was on March 9th appointed by Pope Benedict XV to succeed the late Bishop Garrigan as Bishop of Sioux City.

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Allessandro Volta is to be honored with a monument in Rome on the 100th anniversary of his death. The Catholic Encyclopedia reminds us that three important electrical units are named after Catholic scientists: the volt, the unit of electrical pressure, in honor of Volta; the coulomb, the unit of electrical quantity, in honor of Chas. Augustine de Coulomb; and the ampere, the unit of current, in honor of Andre-Marie Ampere.

Archbishop Hayes of New York has given his cordial approval and blessing to a projected musical and liturgical event that will be of interest to the whole Catholic world: a great International Gregorian Congress to be held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, June 1, 2 and 3.

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The Rev. William F. O'Hare, S. J., has been appointed Bishop of Jamaica, B. W. I., by Pope Benedict. Bishop O'Hare, who is 50 years of age, has been a Professor in Fordham University and in the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York.

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William H. Anderson, State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, who some time ago so despicably maligned Cardinal Gibbons, has again assailed American Catholics, in a letter sent to "the Protestant Pastors of New York State". But even Protestants condemn his assertions.

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The Smith-Towner Education Bill which the Catholic Press has been fighting as prejudicial to Catholic interests and even more so to American ideals, is dead,—for the present at least. The Republican majority in Congress is against a plan which calls for an appropriation of \$100,000,000, when other more important projects are being abandoned because of the expenses involved.

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The proposed conference of navy chaplains, which will be held at Washington, probably early in May next, is attracting much attention among officers and enlisted personnel in the service. The official records of the navy department show that at the present time there are 22 Catholic chaplains to the regular establishment.

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Dr. Lawrence Francis Flick, of Philadelphia, physician, philanthropist, and historian, has been awarded the Laetare Medal for 1920 by Notre Dame University. The medal is awarded annually on Laetare Sunday to some American Catholic whose services to the Church merit the commendation of all Americans.

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Of the 5,610,682 inhabitants of Canada, according to the latest census, 2,833,041 are Catholic,—that is a little more than half the total number.

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Know-nothingism is not dead yet,—or like a weed it is cropping up again. New York is the home of a new Association to oppose everything Catholic and the Knights of Columbus in particular. The Knights ought to congratulate themselves upon this tribute to their thorough catholicity.

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The Knights of Columbus began their plan of vocational training school for service men. It was begun with a fund of \$50,000 privately contributed. Today there are fifty K. C. schools in operation with more than 165,000 pupils. And the new establishments are growing at the rate of three a week.

## The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.  
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

*What do you mean by the Tre Ore? And what is the public veneration of the Cross on Good Friday?*

(a) "Tre Ore" is Italian for "Three Hours" and is a service usually held from noon to 3 o'clock on Good Friday to commemorate the three hours of agony our Lord spent on the Cross for our salvation. The prayers and acts of devotion at this service differ in different places.

(b) The public veneration of the Cross refers to the act of devotion—the kneeling before the Cross and kissing it—which the priest and the ministers of the Good Friday Mass (called "of the Presanctified") perform as part of the Ritual of the Mass. Then the crucifix is put in some convenient place, so that the faithful may genuflect before it and kiss, thus making public profession of their faith in the mystery of our Redemption.

*If I take my dinner at 12:30 or later on Holy Saturday, am I obliged to observe the laws of fast and abstinence at it?*

No. Lent ceases with noon—12 o'clock.

*Is the custom of having or giving Easter eggs of pagan origin?*

(a) No matter if it is, the Church has taken many pagan customs, given them a new and entirely Christian meaning and then preserved them.

(b) The Church in her Ritual has a special blessing for eggs and other edibles which in olden times and in many religious communities still, is used on Easter day. The blessing of eggs, in which reference is made to the Resurrection of our Lord, reads:

"Let us pray. May the grace of Thy blessing, O Lord, descend upon these eggs, Thy creatures, that they may become wholesome food for Thy faithful who use them in gratitude to Thee, on account of the Resurrection of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, who with Thee liveth and reigneth forever and ever. Amen."

*I am a Catholic young lady who would like to devote her life to the Foreign Missions. Can you tell me to whom I should address myself?*

If you wish to join some religious order working on the Foreign Mis-

sions you can address yourself either to Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Maryknoll, N. Y., or Mother Superior, Holy Ghost Institute, Techny, Ill.

The latter institute issued an editorial lately in which they show what an opportunity is here open for American girls:

"Up to the time when the armistice had been signed, about 350 German Sisters in Catholic foreign missions had been expelled or put in confinement of some sort. These Sisters as yet have not been replaced, though there certainly is necessity enough to replace them. Any missionary bishop would require many a page to detail what a loss 350 Sisters are to our missions, by simply noting what effect their absence would have on his diocese. Without them he would have no report to make on foundling homes, or general hospitals, dispensaries, etc., but little report on the instruction to women, and especially of children, no success whatever to relate, if he were from India, on effecting an entrance of Christianity into Mohammedan harems, or high-caste homes. In fact, he would have but one-half to relate of the ordinary mission work in a province.

The Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, at Techny, Illinois, who accompany the Fathers of the Divine Word to their various pagan missions in China, Japan, South America, New Guinea, the Philippines, and to our own Southern missions, are represented today by 32 Sisters in the South, 20 in Japan, 50 in China, 40 in New Guinea, 25 in the Philippines, 20 in the East Indies, and about 260 in South America. These are all from the mother house in Europe.

But now, since the source of supply from Europe has ceased for various reasons, an important duty devolves upon the Catholic Young Ladies of America.

If you wish to work as catechist, or as nurse or woman physician without joining any order but simply co-operating with them, you might address Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Maryknoll, Ossining Postoffice, New York.

## Some Good Books

*Father Duffy's Story.* P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price \$2.50, postage extra.

The story of the 165th Infantry—the "Fighting 69th" during the late war, written by their gallant chaplain, Father Francis P. Duffy. Father Duffy was with his regiment during their long campaign, and knows whereof he speaks. He is at his best when writing of the sterling Catholic principles of the men committed to his spiritual charge, and loses no opportunity of bringing to light thoroughly human incidents.

*The Virtues of a Religious Superior.* By St. Bonaventure. Translated from the Latin by Fr. Sabinus Molitor, O. F. M. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. \$0.60 net.

Taking a thought suggested by the text of Isaiah: "The Seraphim had six wings" as a basis, the Seraphic Doctor composed a series of instructions on the virtues of a Religious Superior. After a short Prologue, and an Introductory Chapter on the Selection of Superiors, the Saint enumerates and explains the "six spiritual wings" with which Religious Superiors should be endowed—Zeal for Justice, Pity or Compassion, Patience, Edification, Prudent Discretion, Devotion to Prayer. His treatment of these points is eminently practical, which is to be expected of one whose reputation for holiness, learning, and wide experience is known to all. In fact, St. Bonaventure's name on the title page is enough to recommend the book to all superiors.

One item more: We note that in the translation, the leading thought of each paragraph is italicized so as to attract attention—surely an excellence.

*Life of the Blessed Virgin in Pictures.* By Rev. Wm. D. O'Brien. Extension Press, Chicago. Price \$1.50.

The welcome accorded "Christ's Life in Pictures" by Rev. Geo. A. Keith, S. J., undoubtedly prevailed upon the publishers to bring out this companion volume—the Life of the Blessed Virgin in Pictures. This new volume is perhaps even more tastefully and more carefully gotten up than the preceding one. More than sixty pictures by the most famous masters portray the important

scenes of our Lady's Life, while opposite each picture is found a page of interesting reading matter explanatory of the scene.

We heartily recommend this Life in Pictures to our readers. After all, there is nothing like a well-conceived and executed picture for impressing vividly upon the mind and imagination of young and old the momentous scenes so intimately connected with the earthly life of the Son of God and His Blessed Mother. The secular newspapers and magazines are constantly making use of this psychological fact and unfortunately only too often for the spiritual and moral hurt of their readers; why should not we employ it for our spiritual and moral advantage?

*America Must.* By P. J. Sontag, S. J. Mission Press of Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ills.

Here is a little pamphlet that should be placed in the hands of every Catholic boy and young man. It contains a vital message—Christ's message—for them, an appeal to them to take an interest in the Home and Foreign Missions. Christ their leader is calling for missionaries, for financial support, for prayers. All can answer His call for the last; most, if not all, can make a little sacrifice—at least during Lent—to furnish the second; and as for the first, let them but read the message attentively and we have no doubt more than one will find himself impelled to answer the Master's call even in this, and devote himself to the noble work of the salvation of souls.

The pamphlet sells: single copy, 20c; 25 copies, \$3.75; 50 copies, \$5.00; 100 copies, \$9.00. Postage extra.

"*American Catholics in War and Reconstruction*," to pastors desiring to show this historic film to their congregations and to Catholic organizations that desire to exhibit the picture for the benefit of their members. A special reel is entitled "Over There and Home Again With the K. of C." Requests for bookings will be filled as far as possible in order received. All inquiries should be addressed to Charles A. McMahon, Chairman, National Catholic War Council Motion Picture Committee, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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It was on a Broadway car. A passenger stooped and picked up a coin from the floor. Three of the other passengers eyed him with envy.

He said: "Which of you people dropped a five dollar gold piece?"

"I did!" yelled each of the three.

"Well," said the finder to the man nearest him, "here's a nickel of it."

A grammar school teacher having asked for a short essay employing certain words ending with "tion," a pupil handed in this astonishing production:

"Father's hair is a recollection; mother's is an acquisition; sister's is an aggregation; brother's is a conflagration and baby's is a mere premonition."

The Artist—This statue is "The Disk Thrower." Wonderfully life-like pose!

The Other Fellow—Yep! I reckon that disk is one o' them jazz records. Don't blame him a bit for chucking it.

Tripper—"I say, Johnny, what do people in the country do when a wasp stings 'em?"

Little Johnny, solemnly—"Holler!"

A poor girl went to the store and didn't get any sugar. On the way out she slipped on a banana peel and returned home with two lumps.

"No doubt Kansas City seems to you like a veritable beehive," we said in our superior way.

"Yep!" replied the gent from Jimpson Junction. "I've been stung six times already since I got to town."

He (after his wife has had a visit from the doctor)—But why are you so angry with him.

She—When I explained how I had such a terrible tired feeling he told me to show him my tongue.

"My dear, listen to this, and tell me what you make of it!" exclaimed the elderly English lady to her husband on her first visit to the states.

She held the hotel menu almost at arm's length and spoke in a tone of horror.

"'Baked Indian pudding!' Can it be possible in a civilized country?"

A student had a barrel of ale deposited in his room, contrary, of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the president.

"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room," said the latter.

"Yes, sir."

"What explanation can you make?"

"Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advises me to try a little each day as a tonic, and not wishing to go to the various places where the beverage is retailed I arranged to have a barrel in my room."

"Indeed. And have you derived any benefit from the use of it?"

"Oh, yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it easily."

"Just one more question, uncle."

"Well, well, what is it?"

"If a boy is a lad and has a stepfather, is the lad a stepladder?"

Teacher—Freddy, you must not laugh out loud like that in the school room.

Freddy—I didn't mean to do it. I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted.

"He has an open mind."

"Yes. That's the reason nothing stays in it."

A woman, entering her little boy in a new school, said to the teacher: "Leedle Fritzzy he is delicate, und so, if he iss badt—und he will be badt sometimes—joost lick der boy next to him, und dat vill frighten him."

Mistress—In the time it takes me to tell you how to do the work I could do it myself.

Maid—Yes'm. And in the time it takes me to listen so could I.

Crook (under arrest)—Kin I go back an' git me hat?

Officer—Certainly not. Ye can't be running away from me that way. You stand here where ye are, an' I'll go back an' git the hat.